He is within with twoo reuerend Fathers,
Diuinely bent to meditation,
And in no worldly sute would he be mou'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.
Buc. Returne good *Catesby* to thy *Lord* againe,
Tell him my selfe, the Maior and Citizens,
In deepe designes and matters of great moment,
No lesse importing them then our generall good,
Are come to haue some conference with his grace.
Cat. Ile him what you say my *Lord.* *Exit.*
Buc. A ha my *Lord*, this prince is not an *Edward*:
He is not lulling on a leawd day bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtizans,
But meditating with two deepe Diuines:
Not sleeping to ingrosse his idle body,
But praying to inrich his watchfull soule,
Happy were England, would this graciour prince
Take on himselfe the soueraignty thereon,
But sure I feare we shall neuer winne him to it.
Maio. Marry God forbid his grace should say vs nay.
Enter Catesby.
Buc. I feare he will, how now *Catesby*,
What sayes your *Lord*?
Cat. My *Lord* he wonders to what end you haue assembled
Such troupes of Citizens to speake with him,
His grace not being warnd thereof before:
My *Lord*, he feares you meane no good to him.
Buc. Sory I am my noble cousen should
Suspect me that I meane no good to him.
By heauen I come in perfect loue to him,
And so once more returne and tell his grace: *Exit. Cat.*
When holy and deuout religious men,
Are at their beads, tis hard to draw them hence,
So sweet is zealous contemplation.
Enter Rich. and two Bishops aloft.
Maior. See where he stands betweene two Clergimen.
Buc. Two props of vertue for a Christian Prince:
To stay him from the fall of vanitie,

Famous *Plantagenet*, most grac
Lend fauourable eares to my
And pardon vs the interrupti
Of thy deuotion and right Ch
Glo. My Lord, there needs n
I rather do beseech you pard
Who earnest in the seruice of
Neglect the visitation of my fr
But leauing this, what is your
Buc. Euen that I hope whic
And all good men of this vng
Glo. I do suspect, I haue don
That seeme disgracious in the
And that you come to repreh
Buc. You haue my Lord: w
At our entreaties to amend th
Glo. Else wherefore breath I
Buc. Then know it is your fa
The supreame Seate, the Thro
The Sceptred office of your A
The lineall glory of your royal
To the corruption of a blemish
Whilest in the mildenesse of y
Which here we waken to your
This noble Ile doth want his p
Her face defac't with scars of i
And almost shouldred in this s
Of blind forgetfulnesse and da
Which to recouer we hartily s
Your Gracious selfe to take on
Not as Protector, Sweard, *Su*
Nor lowly Factor for an other
But as successiuely from blood
Your right of birth, your Emp
For this consorted with the Ci
Your worshipfull and very loui
And by their vehement instiga
In this iust sute come I to mou
Glo. I know not whither to

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